

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Resources Packet

May 4 - 8, 2020

1st Grade

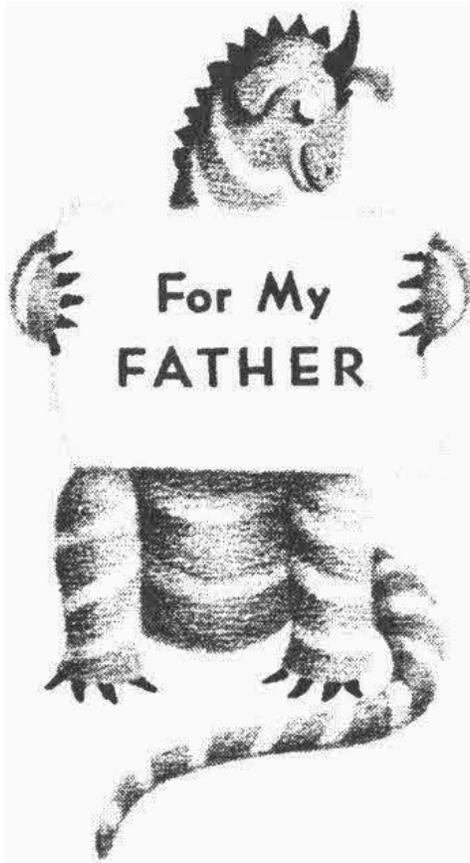
Mrs. Albertson

Mrs. Borden

Mrs. Brogan

Mrs. McIntosh

Student Name: _____ Section: _____



For My
FATHER



Chapter One
MY FATHER MEETS THE CAT

One cold rainy day when my father was a little boy, he met an old alley cat on his street. The cat was very drippy and uncomfortable so my father said, "Wouldn't you like to come home with me?"

This surprised the cat—she had never before met anyone who cared about old alley cats—but she said, "I'd be very much obliged if I could sit by a warm furnace, and perhaps have a saucer of milk."

"We have a very nice furnace to sit by," said my father, "and I'm sure my mother has an extra saucer of milk."



My father and the cat became good friends but my father's mother was very upset about the cat. She hated cats, particularly ugly old alley cats. "Elmer Elevator," she said to my father, "if you think I'm going to give that cat a saucer of milk, you're very wrong. Once you start feeding stray alley cats you might as well expect to feed every stray in town, and I am *not* going to do it!"

This made my father very sad, and he apologized to the cat because his mother had been so rude. He told the cat to stay anyway, and that somehow he would bring her a saucer of milk each day. My father fed the cat for three weeks, but one day his mother found the cat's saucer in the cellar and she was extremely angry. She whipped my father and threw the cat out the door, but later on my father sneaked out and found the cat. Together they went for a walk in the park and tried to think of nice things to talk about. My father said, "When I grow up I'm going to have an airplane. Wouldn't it be wonderful to fly just anywhere you might think of!"

"Would you like to fly very, very much?" asked the cat.

"I certainly would. I'd do anything if I could fly."



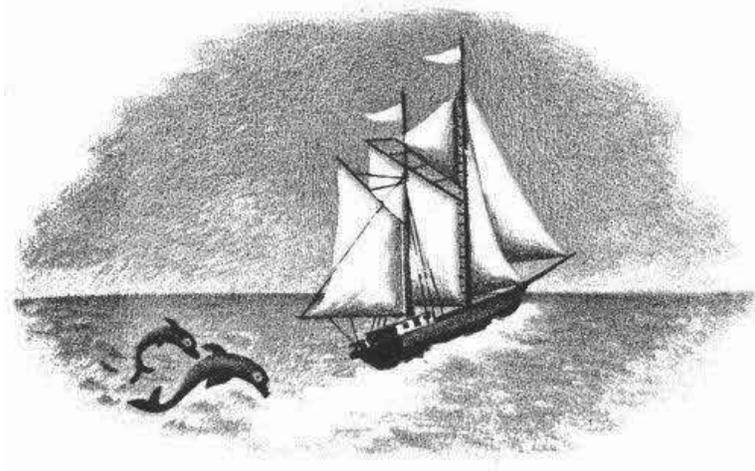
"Well," said the cat, "If you'd really like to fly that much, I think I know of a sort of a way you might get to fly while you're still a little boy."

"You mean you know where I could get an airplane?"

"Well, not exactly an airplane, but something even better. As you can see, I'm an old cat now, but in my younger days I was quite a traveler. My traveling days are over but last spring I took just one more trip and sailed to the Island of Tangerina, stopping at the port of Cranberry. Well, it just so happened that I missed the boat, and while waiting for the next I thought I'd look around a bit. I was particularly interested in a place called Wild Island, which we had passed on our way to Tangerina. Wild Island and Tangerina are joined together by a long string of rocks, but people never go to Wild Island because it's mostly jungle and inhabited by very wild animals. So, I decided to go across the rocks and explore it for

myself. It certainly is an interesting place, but I saw something there that made me want to weep."

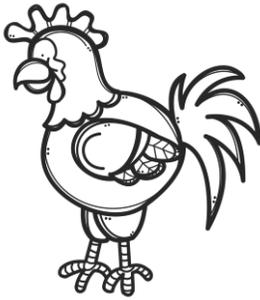




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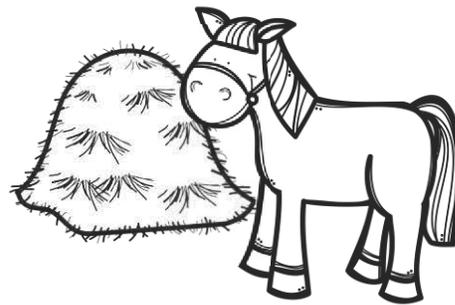
FARMING FOR ADVERBS

Directions: Read the sentence. Pick the adverb that best completes the sentence. Write the word on the blank.



quickly
sadly
loudly

The rooster crowed _____.



daily
almost
very

The horse eats hay _____.

loudly

daily



always
later
outside

A goose waddled _____.

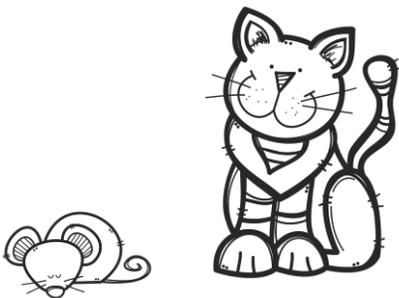


fearfully
always
softly

He _____ works hard.

outside

always



almost
angrily
quietly

The cat _____ sneaks up.



early
carefully
softly

The boy _____ picks the corn.

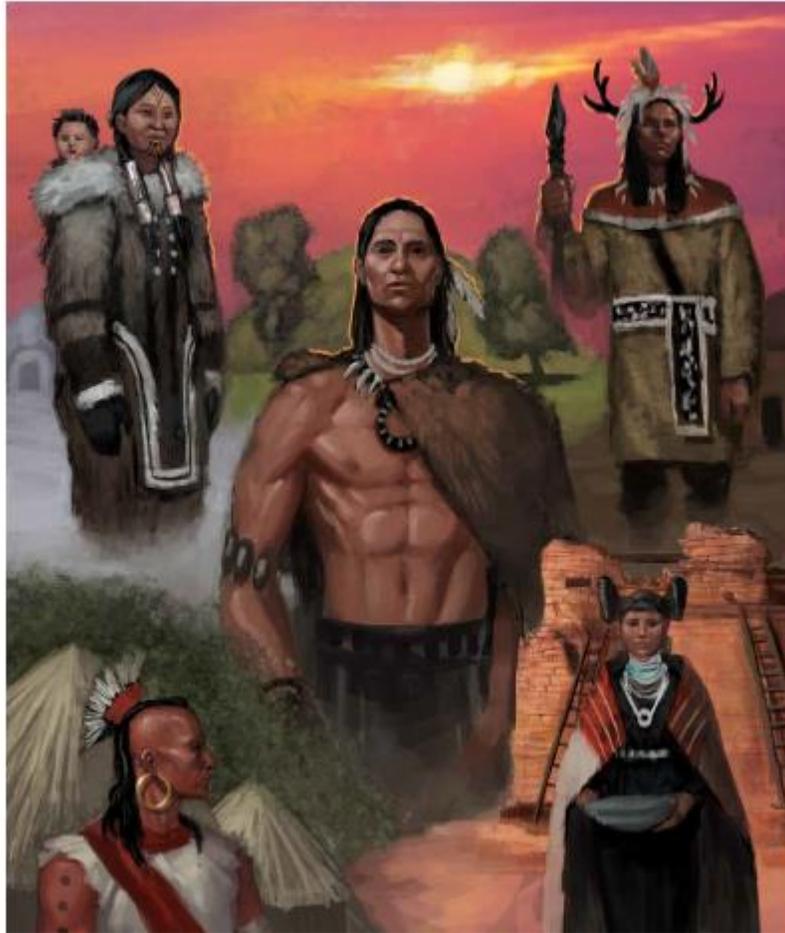
quietly

carefully

Week 7 History – Monday
Daniel Boone and the Opening of the West



Today, people from all over the world live together in communities from one end of the North American continent to the other—from the Atlantic Ocean in the east, to the Pacific Ocean in the west, and everywhere in between.¹ This map of North America shows the United States in green. You can see lots of thin white lines outlining the states that make up our country, the United States of America. However, hundreds of years ago the map of the United States was much smaller than it is today.



1A-2

Long, long ago, the only people who lived on the continent of North America were people known as Native Americans. Native Americans have lived in North America for thousands of years. Native Americans lived in both seasonal and permanent villages. They used great knowledge of the land and its resources to survive.



At the same time, far away on the other side of the ocean, many other people had their own towns and villages. These people lived on the continent of Europe and were known as Europeans.² About six hundred years ago, Europeans began to leave their lands and sail to other parts of the world, seeking spices, gold, and other riches. Some of these explorers arrived in North America.³

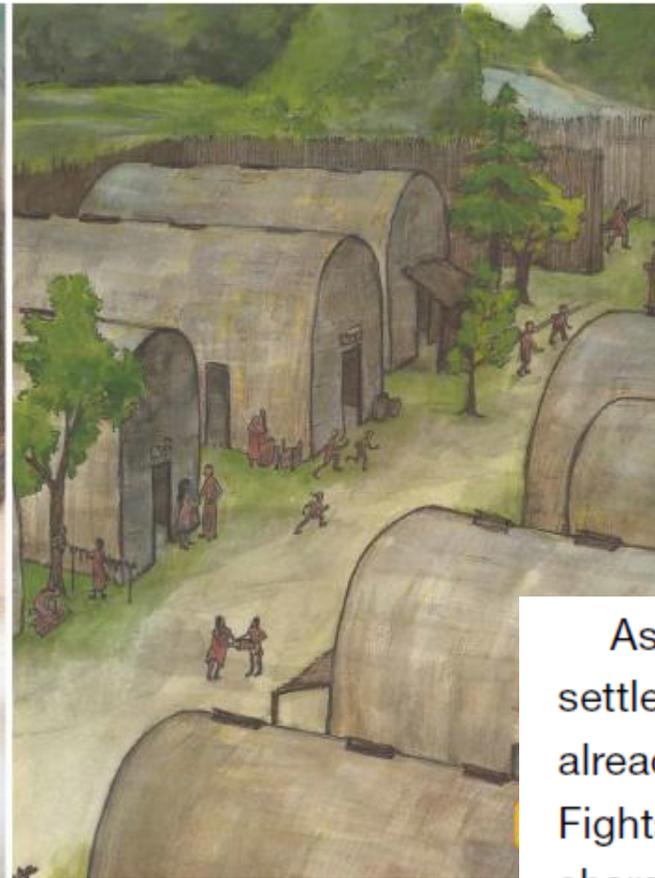


Imagine how surprised Native Americans and Europeans must have been to see each other: people who looked, dressed, and spoke very differently from themselves.⁴

The early explorers who came to North America were mostly interested in finding goods and riches that they could take back to Europe to sell. Many of these explorers learned vital skills from the Native Americans.⁵ The Native Americans knew the land very well. They taught the Europeans many skills, including hunting, fishing, gathering, and farming. In exchange for their help, Europeans brought things to trade with the Native Americans, such as cloth. For many years Europeans traveled back and forth across the Atlantic Ocean.⁶



Most Europeans were content to just trade with the Native Americans, but others became interested in starting **settlements**, because they wanted to live on the continent as well.⁷ The English started two early settlements in North America in the 1600s—Plymouth, in what is now Massachusetts, and Jamestown, in what is now Virginia.⁸ At first, the Native Americans helped them survive. Do you remember how at Plymouth they celebrated their harvest together, the first Thanksgiving in America? The Europeans would not have been able to grow the corn and squash for that meal without help from the Native Americans.



As time passed, more and more Europeans arrived to start settlements in North America, even though Native Americans had already been living in their own communities on that same land. Fights over the land began to erupt, as each group refused to share the land. The settlers **claimed** most of the land on the east coast of North America—land where the Native Americans had lived for many years.⁹ The British formed colonies, or settlements ruled by far-away Great Britain, from Massachusetts all the way to Georgia.¹⁰

Eventually, some of the more adventuresome settlers wanted to explore land to the west of them. One of these people was a young man by the name of Daniel Boone.



1A-7



Daniel Boone was born in 1734 near the town of Reading, Pennsylvania.¹¹ His father and mother owned a farm. Daniel and his brothers and sisters all helped their parents plow the fields on the farm. But Daniel was never content in the open fields. He was curious about life in the woods around their farm and spent as much time as possible creating paths through the forest. He made friends with young Native American boys who lived in the wooded areas. They taught Daniel how to move silently through the forest and how to trap wild animals and catch fish in the streams. Daniel learned how to use a knife and tomahawk at an early age. His father, seeing how interested Daniel was in hunting, taught Daniel how to use a special type of gun called a rifle.¹²



One day, while helping his father plow the fields, Daniel asked if he could be allowed to help out the family in another way. “Father,” he said, “since you taught me to shoot a rifle, I have practiced and practiced until I am the best shot for miles around. Let me hunt for food for our family.” Daniel’s father agreed, and soon the Boones were feasting on wild turkey and deer.

In 1750, just before Daniel turned sixteen, the Boone family moved from Pennsylvania to the Yadkin River Valley of North Carolina, settling at the edge of the frontier.¹³ It did not take long for the other settlers in his new home to discover that Daniel was one of the best **woodsmen** for miles around.¹⁴ Daniel began to explore his new surroundings. His explorations took him deep into the forests. He heard tales of buffalo to the west and wanted to try hunting other animals than the plentiful deer and bear that lived in the woods nearby. But Daniel was unable to go as far west as he wanted to go. Something was stopping him and other settlers from travelling farther west. Can you guess what it was?¹⁵



There were enormous mountains standing in his way! These mountains are called the Appalachian Mountains, and they stretch for miles, from the present-day state of Maine all the way to Georgia. The mountains were heavily wooded, making them difficult to cross. They formed a natural **barrier**, and blocked movement from one side of the mountains to the other. For this reason, few European settlers had left their colonies along the eastern coast of North America to travel west. But Daniel knew that Native Americans had crisscrossed these mountains for years. As he roamed through the densely forested hillsides, his curiosity about lands to the west grew stronger. Daniel began to ask everyone he met if they knew of a way to cross the mountains.



Daniel Boone continued to explore the Appalachian Mountains, always on the lookout for a path that might lead him to the other side. One day he was visited by an old friend, John Finley. As the two men talked, Daniel told John of his desire to find a way to cross the mountains. To his great surprise, Finley replied, “Why, I know a way! I’ve crossed the Appalachians myself.” He told Daniel that he knew of several big gaps in the mountains.¹



Formed by rushing water years ago, the natural gaps, or **passes**, through the mountains had been trampled down first by buffalo and later by Native Americans. One pass was not too far from where Daniel Boone and his family lived.² “It’s in Virginia, and it’s called the Cumberland Gap,” Finley told him. “We have to follow an old Native American footpath to find it.”³ Boone was delighted! He asked John Finley to show him how to find it.



Not long after that, the two men set off with four other men on a big adventure to find the Cumberland Gap.⁴ They walked and rode on horseback for many miles before reaching the beaten path that led up a steep side of the mountain. They spent long days climbing up and up and up. Daniel's skills as a woodsman helped him identify animal tracks and follow the Native American footpath.⁵ They were overjoyed to reach the top of the mountains where they could see a magnificent river stretching out beneath them. Following a narrow footpath, the men finally made it to the other side of the Appalachian Mountains, to the land that is now known as Kentucky.⁶



Daniel and his friends were pleased with what they found on the other side of the mountains. The land was rich and fertile, and there were great herds of buffalo grazing on grasses. For the next two years Daniel Boone stayed in eastern Kentucky, hunting and trapping wild animals.⁷



When he finally returned to North Carolina, he was met by other settlers who expressed an interest in leaving their homes in the east and moving westward. These **pioneers** asked Daniel if he could show them the way across the Appalachian Mountains.⁸ “It’s not an easy trip,” Boone told them. “The forests are dense, and there are many dangers along the trail.”

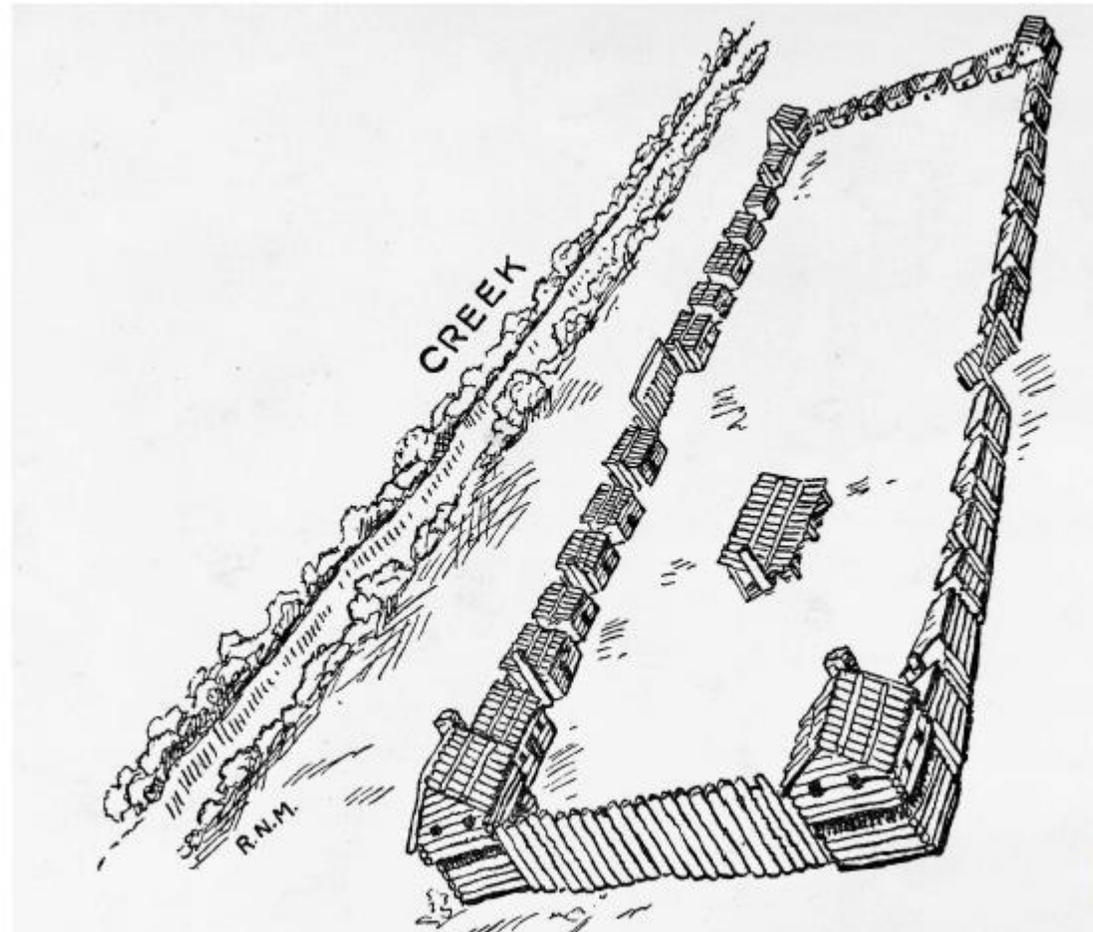


But the pioneering spirit of these settlers remained strong. Two years later, they convinced Daniel that they were serious about making the hard and dangerous trip to **wilderness** lands.⁹ And so, Daniel led his own family, along with several other families, back through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. However, the trip proved even harder for families than it had been for the woodsmen. The families were not used to living in the wild outdoors like the woodsmen. Setting up a settlement in Kentucky was more difficult than the pioneers expected, and they were forced to go back home over the Appalachian Mountains.

Soon after, a rich man bought land in eastern Kentucky from the Native American Cherokee tribes. This rich man wanted to sell the land to families so they could live on the other side of the Appalachian Mountains. First, there needed to be a clearly marked trail so that pioneers would not lose their way as they crossed the mountains. The rich man had heard of the adventuresome and talented **trailblazer** named Daniel Boone. He asked him to “blaze,” or create, a trail that the pioneers could follow.¹⁰



Daniel Boone gathered together a group of men to help him clear the forest through the wilderness.¹¹ Together they worked through rain, snow, and mud. Their axes chopped down trees and bushes to widen the old Native American footpath so that the pioneers' wagons would fit.¹² They built log bridges across streams. Daniel Boone and the men successfully cleared a trail from eastern Virginia, through the Cumberland Gap, and into Kentucky. Their trail became known as the Wilderness Road.¹³ Pioneers from Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania began to move along the Wilderness Road in great numbers. By the time that Kentucky was declared a state, less than twenty years after the trail was blazed, more than one hundred thousand people had used the Wilderness Road. Daniel Boone's hard work was responsible for opening up the area known as "the West" to many pioneers. As more and more settlers streamed into the west, relationships with the Native Americans who were already living there became even more strained.¹⁴



2A-8

Daniel Boone's own family was the first pioneer family to settle in Kentucky. Daniel chose a spot near the Kentucky River to build a fort. It took several years to complete the fort. About as large as one city block, the fort sheltered log cabins and the people that lived in them. The fort was named Boonesborough after Daniel Boone, the man who built it.



Life was difficult for the pioneers in the beginning, but people kept streaming across the mountains. In fact, so many people came that Daniel Boone felt his wilderness was being destroyed. It was no longer a wilderness land.¹⁶ He never gave up his love for the wilderness and continued to explore lands to the west of Kentucky until his death at the age of eighty-six.

Teacher Example

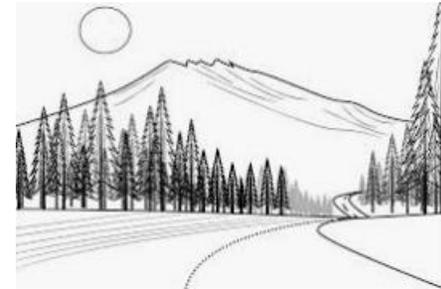
Name _____ # _____

History – Monday, May 4, 2020

Born in Pennsylvania

Cumberland Gap

Path through the
Appalachian
Mountains



Daniel Boone

loved to hunt



great woodsman

Wilderness Road

Trailblazer

- hired to make a trail
from Virginia to Kentucky

Chapter Two

MY FATHER RUNS AWAY

"Wild Island is practically cut in two by a very wide and muddy river," continued the cat. "This river begins near one end of the island and flows into the ocean at the other. Now the animals there are very lazy, and they used to hate having to go all the way around the beginning of this river to get to the other side of the island. It made visiting inconvenient and mail deliveries slow, particularly during the Christmas rush. Crocodiles could have carried passengers and mail across the river, but crocodiles are very moody, and not the least bit dependable, and are always looking for something to eat. They don't care if the animals have to walk around the river, so that's just what the animals did for many years."

"But what does all this have to do with airplanes?" asked my father, who thought the cat was taking an awfully long time to explain.

"Be patient, Elmer," said the cat, and she went on with the story. "One day about four months before I arrived on Wild Island a baby dragon fell from a low-flying cloud onto the bank of the river. He was too young to fly very well, and besides, he had bruised one wing quite badly, so he couldn't get back to his cloud. The animals found him soon afterwards and everybody said, 'Why, this is just exactly what we've needed all these years!' They tied a big rope around his neck and waited for the wing to get well. This was going to end all their crossing-the-river troubles."



"I've never seen a dragon," said my father. "Did you see him? How big is he?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I saw the dragon. In fact, we became great friends," said the cat. "I used to hide in the bushes and talk to him when nobody was around. He's not a very big dragon, about the size of a large black bear, although I imagine he's grown quite a bit since I left. He's got a long tail and yellow and blue stripes. His horn and eyes and the bottoms of his feet are bright red, and he has gold-colored wings."

"Oh, how wonderful!" said my father. "What did the animals do with him when his wing got well?"

"They started training him to carry passengers, and even though he is just a baby dragon, they work him all day and all night too sometimes. They make him carry loads that are much too heavy, and if he complains, they twist his wings and beat him. He's always tied to a stake on a rope just long enough to go across the river. His only friends are the crocodiles, who say 'Hello' to him once a week if they don't forget. Really, he's the most miserable animal I've ever come across. When I left I promised I'd try to help him someday, although I couldn't see how. The rope around his

neck is about the biggest, toughest rope you can imagine, with so many knots it would take days to untie them all.

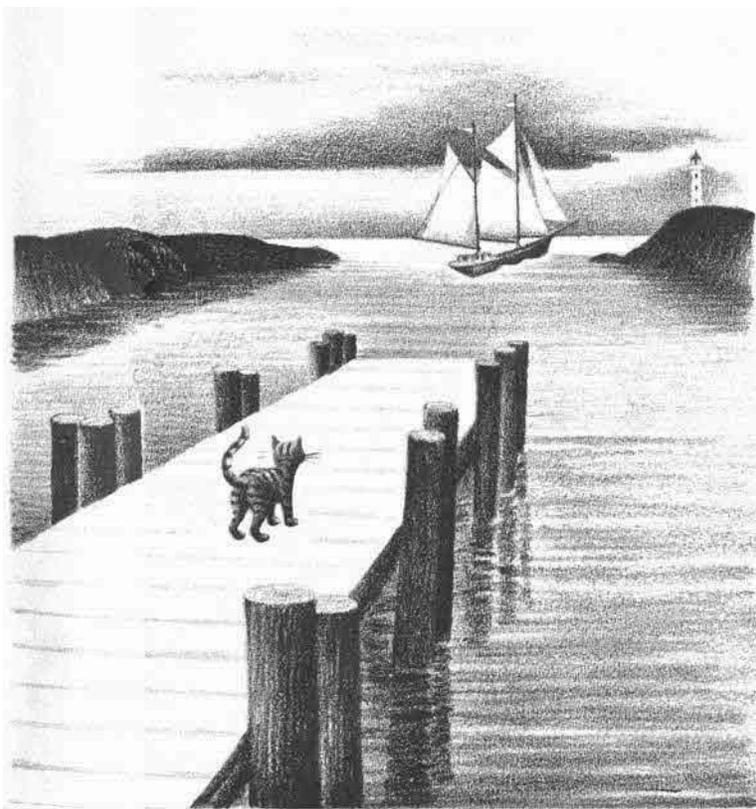
"Anyway, when you were talking about airplanes, you gave me a good idea. Now, I'm quite sure that if you were able to rescue the dragon, which wouldn't be the least bit easy, he'd let you ride him most anywhere, provided you were nice to him, of course. How about trying it?"

"Oh, I'd love to," said my father, and he was so angry at his mother for being rude to the cat that he didn't feel the least bit sad about running away from home for a while.

That very afternoon my father and the cat went down to the docks to see about ships going to the Island of Tangerina. They found out that a ship would be sailing the next week, so right away they started planning for the rescue of the dragon. The cat was a great help in suggesting things for my father to take with him, and she told him everything she knew about Wild Island. Of course, she was too old to go along.

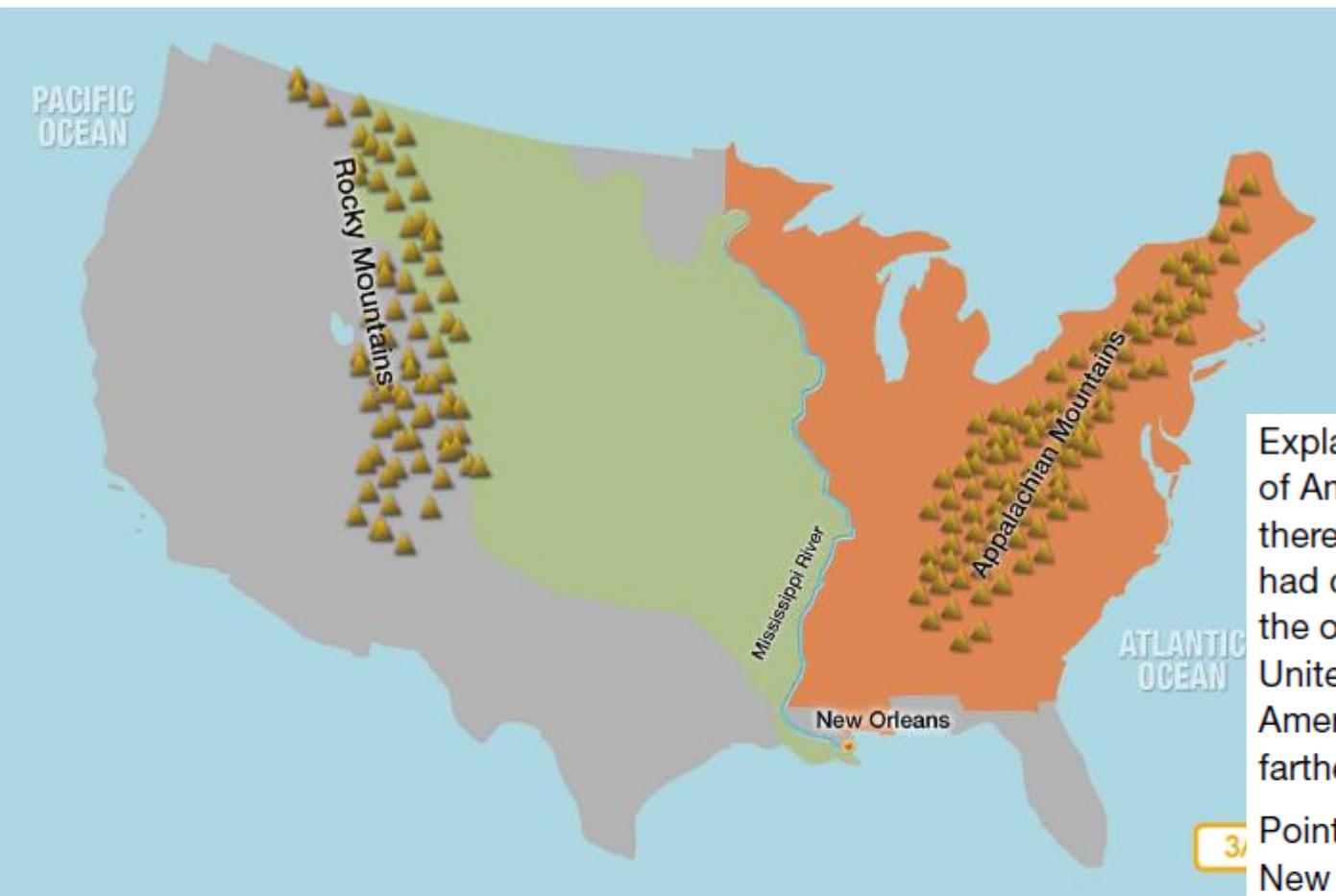
Everything had to be kept very secret, so when they found or bought anything to take on the trip they hid it behind a rock in the park. The night before my father sailed he borrowed his father's knapsack and he and the cat packed everything very carefully. He took chewing gum, two dozen pink lollipops, a package of rubber bands, black rubber boots, a compass, a tooth brush and a tube of tooth paste, six magnifying glasses, a very sharp jackknife, a comb and a hairbrush, seven hair ribbons of different colors, an empty grain bag with a label saying "Cranberry," some clean clothes, and enough food to last my father while he was on the ship. He couldn't live on mice, so he took twenty-five peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and six apples, because that's all the apples he could find in the pantry.

When everything was packed my father and the cat went down to the docks to the ship. A night watchman was on duty, so while the cat made loud queer noises to distract his attention, my father ran over the gang-plank onto the ship. He went down into the hold and hid among some bags of wheat. The ship sailed early the next morning.



Week 7 History – Tuesday

Jefferson and Monroe



Review – before reading:

Explain to students that in today's read-aloud, the United States of America (shown in orange) had grown to include more land than there had been in the original thirteen colonies. Pioneer families had crossed the Appalachian Mountains and settled in lands on the other side of these mountains, pushing the borders of the United States farther and farther west, and forcing the Native Americans who lived in those areas to also move farther and farther west.

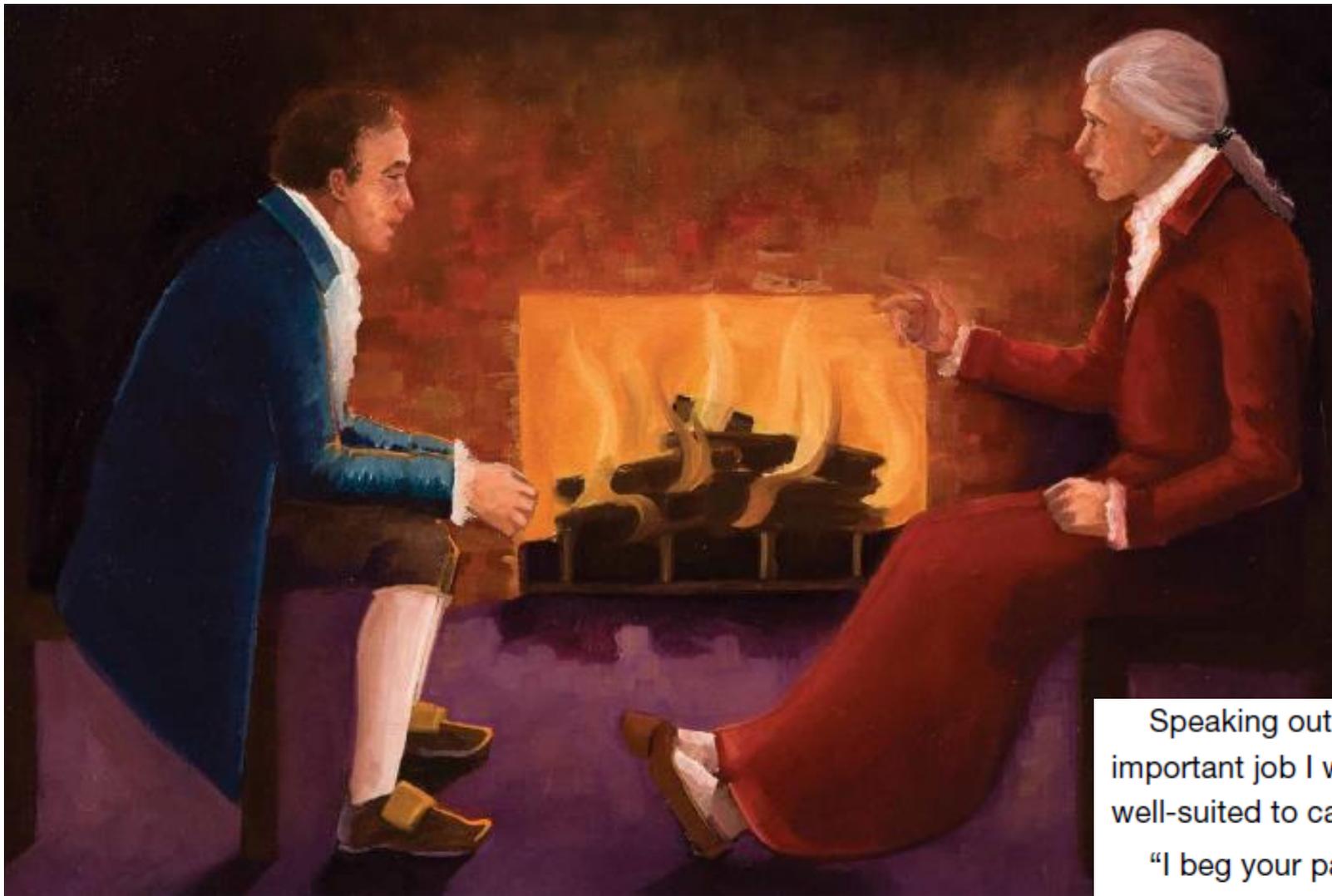
3. Point to the green area on the map, and then identify the city of New Orleans and the Mississippi River. Explain to students that, at the time of today's read-aloud, this area of land, or territory, was not part of the United States. This part of North America had been explored and settled by people from another European country far across the Atlantic—the country of France. Ask students if they remember where the Pilgrims and other early settlers about whom they have already learned came from. (England)



Entering his office in Washington, D.C., Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States, was pleased¹ to find his friend, James Monroe, waiting for him. Monroe politely rose to his feet, but President Jefferson said, “Sit down, James. This is not a formal meeting, as you can see.” In fact, Thomas Jefferson was dressed in his robe and slippers!²

As the two men sat down, James Monroe thought to himself, “Thomas Jefferson doesn’t try to make himself look fancy or important. But he is the smartest, most interesting person I have ever known. How lucky I am to be his friend!”

At the same time, President Jefferson was thinking, “James Monroe is honest and **intelligent**,³ and he is willing to work hard to do a good job.”⁴



Speaking out loud now, the president said, “James, I have an important job I want you to do, one that I think you are especially well-suited to carry out: I want you to buy a city for us.”⁵

“I beg your pardon!” James Monroe exclaimed in surprise. “Buy a city?”

“Yes, I want to send you to France to see the **Emperor** Napoleon, who rules France and half of Europe as well.⁶ When you reach France, I want you to buy the city of New Orleans from Napoleon.”



James Monroe knew that the city of New Orleans sat near the **mouth** of the Mississippi River.⁷ French settlers started settling in New Orleans many years ago because they knew that ships and boats could travel up and down the Mississippi River, allowing people to buy and sell with one another all along the length of the great Mississippi River.⁸ James Monroe knew that France still owned New Orleans, plus a great deal of land west of the Mississippi River stretching all the way to the Rocky Mountains.⁹

Jefferson stopped and stared into the flames of the fire by which they sat, for it was a chilly morning. Then he continued, “As you know, James, our nation, the United States, is on the eastern side of the Mississippi, while the area that France has claimed is on the western side.”¹⁰



“More and more Americans are moving near the Mississippi and building towns and cities along the river.¹¹ We must make sure Americans can do business up and down the river if we are going to build up that part of the United States. Right now, France and the United States are friends, and Napoleon lets American ships pass by New Orleans on their way from the ocean up and down the river; but if Napoleon ever grew angry with us . . .”¹²

“I understand,” said James Monroe. “Napoleon could stop our ships and boats from bringing us the things we need. He could stop our farmers in that part of the country from sending food they grow to the rest of us back east, or stop people in the east from shipping farm tools to the farmers. I understand why New Orleans is important. But why would Napoleon want to sell the city?”



Jefferson answered, “Napoleon needs as much money as he can get his hands on so that he can pay for supplies, uniforms, food, and ships for his soldiers and sailors because France is fighting in a war in Europe. We will offer to pay him the money he wants, which will make *him* happy, and we will get control of the river, which will make *us* happy.”

“Napoleon certainly seems to have a reason to sell New Orleans to us,” said Monroe.



Jefferson replied, “He may have a reason, but we must get Napoleon to agree to the sale. He can be very difficult to work with, James. He thinks he is the most important person alive. If he believes you think so, too, he can be a **loyal**, powerful friend.¹⁵ On the other hand, if he thinks you do not see him as important, or do not agree with his ideas, he will have his servants throw you out of his palace and slam the door. James, you are so likeable, he’ll want to work with you. If you succeed, you will help us to open up the whole western part of our country that is near the Mississippi River. Will you try?”¹⁶

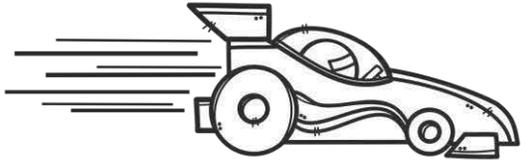


James Monroe stood up. “It will be my honor to do so,” he said. Thomas Jefferson arose and the two friends shook hands. As he turned to go, James Monroe thought, “When I came here this morning, I had no idea I would be going to France for the president of the United States! And just think—I am going there to buy a city!”

NAME: _____

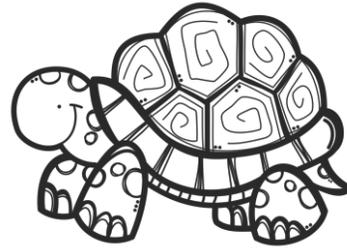
PICKING ADVERBS

Directions: Read the sentence. Pick the adverb that best completes the sentence. Write the word on the blank.



quickly
quietly
softly

The car drove _____.



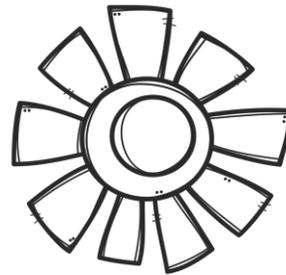
happily
slowly
inside

The turtle walked _____.



nearly
there
loudly

A baby cried _____.



neatly
wildly
brightly

The sun shone _____.



here
sadly
early

Let's play _____.



always
carefully
very

I carried the vase _____.

Teacher Example

Westward Expansion Map



By:
Mrs. Albertson

100

Chapter Three

MY FATHER FINDS THE ISLAND

My father hid in the hold for six days and nights. Twice he was nearly caught when the ship stopped to take on more cargo. But at last he heard a sailor say that the next port would be Cranberry and that they'd be unloading the wheat there. My father knew that the sailors would send him home if they caught him, so he looked in his knapsack and took out a rubber band and the empty grain bag with the label saying "Cranberry." At the last moment my father got inside the bag, knapsack and all, folded the top of the bag inside, and put the rubber band around the top. He didn't look just exactly like the other bags but it was the best he could do.



Soon the sailors came to unload. They lowered a big net into the hold and began moving the bags of wheat. Suddenly one sailor yelled, "Great Scott! This is the queerest bag of wheat I've ever seen! It's all lumpy-like, but the label says it's to go to Cranberry."

The other sailors looked at the bag too, and my father, who was in the bag, of course, tried even harder to look like a bag of wheat. Then another sailor felt the bag and he just happened to get hold of my father's elbow. "I

know what this is," he said. "This is a bag of dried corn on the cob," and he dumped my father into the big net along with the bags of wheat.

This all happened in the late afternoon, so late that the merchant in Cranberry who had ordered the wheat didn't count his bags until the next morning. (He was a very punctual man, and never late for dinner.) The sailors told the captain, and the captain wrote down on a piece of paper, that they had delivered one hundred and sixty bags of wheat and one bag of dried corn on the cob. They left the piece of paper for the merchant and sailed away that evening.

My father heard later that the merchant spent the whole next day counting and recounting the bags and feeling each one trying to find the bag of dried corn on the cob. He never found it because as soon as it was dark my father climbed out of the bag, folded it up and put it back in his knapsack. He walked along the shore to a nice sandy place and lay down to sleep.



My father was very hungry when he woke up the next morning. Just as he was looking to see if he had anything left to eat, something hit him on the head. It was a tangerine. He had been sleeping right under a tree full of big, fat tangerines. And then he remembered that this was the Island of Tangerina. Tangerine trees grew wild everywhere. My father picked as

many as he had room for, which was thirty-one, and started off to find Wild Island.

He walked and walked and walked along the shore, looking for the rocks that joined the two islands. He walked all day, and once when he met a fisherman and asked him about Wild Island, the fisherman began to shake and couldn't talk for a long while. It scared him that much, just thinking about it. Finally he said, "Many people have tried to explore Wild Island, but not one has come back alive. We think they were eaten by the wild animals." This didn't bother my father. He kept walking and slept on the beach again that night.

It was beautifully clear the next day, and way down the shore my father could see a long line of rocks leading out into the ocean, and way, way out at the end he could just see a tiny patch of green. He quickly ate seven tangerines and started down the beach.

It was almost dark when he came to the rocks, but there, way out in the ocean, was the patch of green. He sat down and rested a while, remembering that the cat had said, "If you can, go out to the island at night, because then the wild animals won't see you coming along the rocks and you can hide when you get there." So my father picked seven more tangerines, put on his black rubber boots, and waited for dark.

It was a very black night and my father could hardly see the rocks ahead of him. Sometimes they were quite high and sometimes the waves almost covered them, and they were slippery and hard to walk on. Sometimes the rocks were far apart and my father had to get a running start and leap from one to the next.

After a while he began to hear a rumbling noise. It grew louder and louder as he got nearer to the island. At last it seemed as if he was right on top of the noise, and he was. He had jumped from a rock onto the back of a small whale who was fast asleep and cuddled up between two rocks. The whale was snoring and making more noise than a steam shovel, so it never heard my father say, "Oh, I didn't know that was you!" And it never knew my father had jumped on its back by mistake.



For seven hours my father climbed and slipped and leapt from rock to rock, but while it was still dark he finally reached the very last rock and stepped off onto Wild Island.

Amazingly Awesome Adverbs

Directions: Circle the noun(s) with a RED crayon and BOX the adverb with a BLUE crayon.

Example: The tree is growing slowly.

1. A cat crouched sneakily.

2. The puppy is sleeping snuggly.

3. The turtle moved steadily.

Optional Additional Practice

4. The flowers bloomed beautifully.

5. My brother fell quickly.

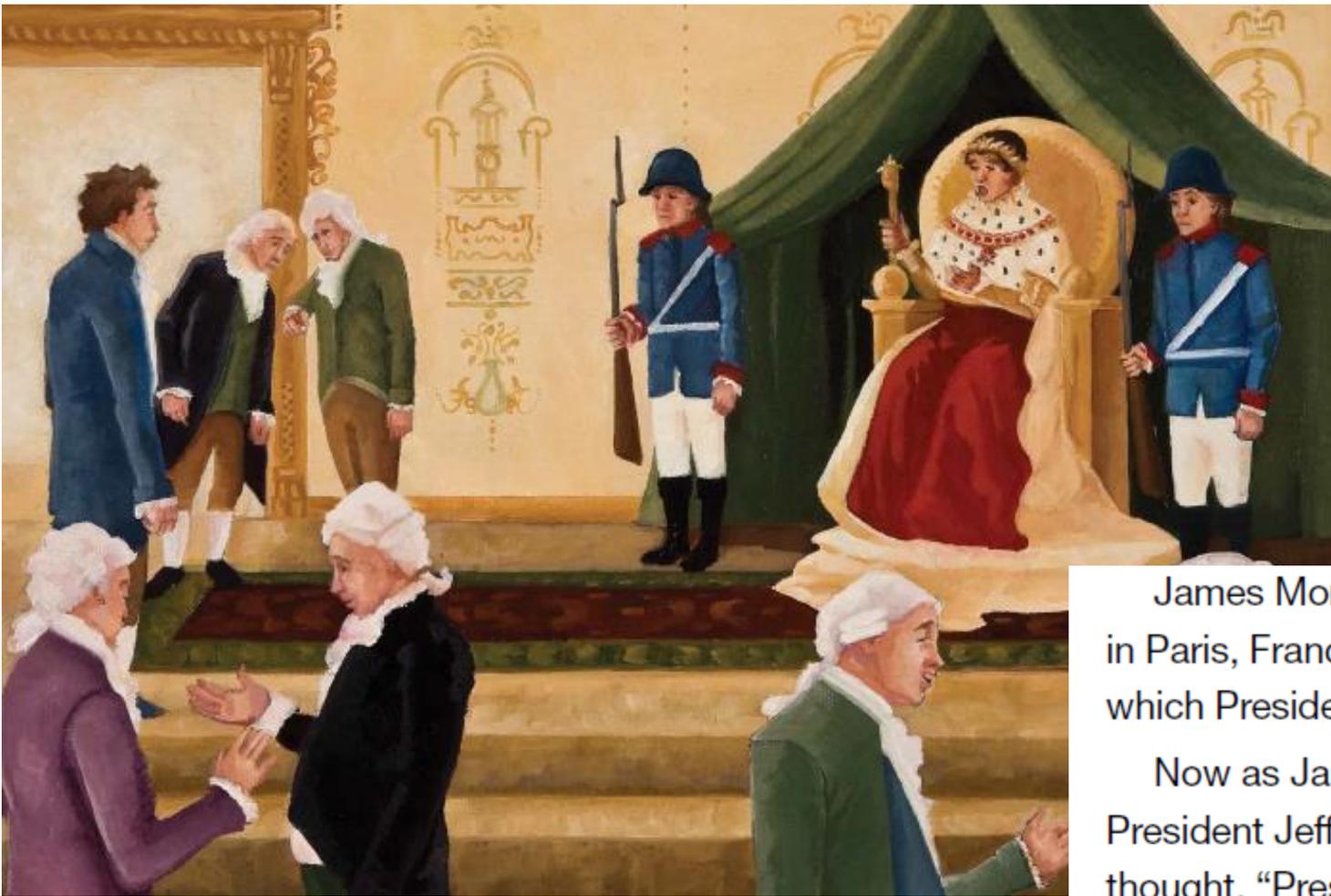
Week 7 History – Wednesday
The Louisiana Purchase



James Monroe sat at a desk in his hotel room in France. Monroe had been sent to France by the president of the United States, Thomas Jefferson.



Remember, France owned the city of New Orleans, which was near the place where the mighty Mississippi River flowed into the sea.¹ Whoever controlled New Orleans decided which ships passed up and down the river. The land on the east side of the river was owned by the United States. The land on the west side of the river was owned by France.² President Jefferson had told James Monroe, “I want you to go to France and offer to **purchase**³ the city of New Orleans from Napoleon. Napoleon needs money to buy supplies for his soldiers and sailors, who are fighting in a series of wars. If he will sell New Orleans to us, he will receive the money he needs, and we will gain control of the Mississippi River.”



James Monroe met with Napoleon in the French emperor's palace in Paris, France. This palace was very different from the house in which President Thomas Jefferson lived in Washington, D.C.

Now as James Monroe looked back on his meetings with both President Jefferson and the French Emperor, Napoleon, Monroe thought, "President Jefferson's home certainly is different from Napoleon's home. Napoleon lives in a grand palace with fine wooden floors half-covered in thick carpets. The walls are bright with expensive wallpapers, and the furniture probably cost a lot of money. When Napoleon is dressed in the fanciest clothes and sits on that throne, he talks and everyone else listens because they are afraid of his power, and because they hope he will do favors for them."⁴



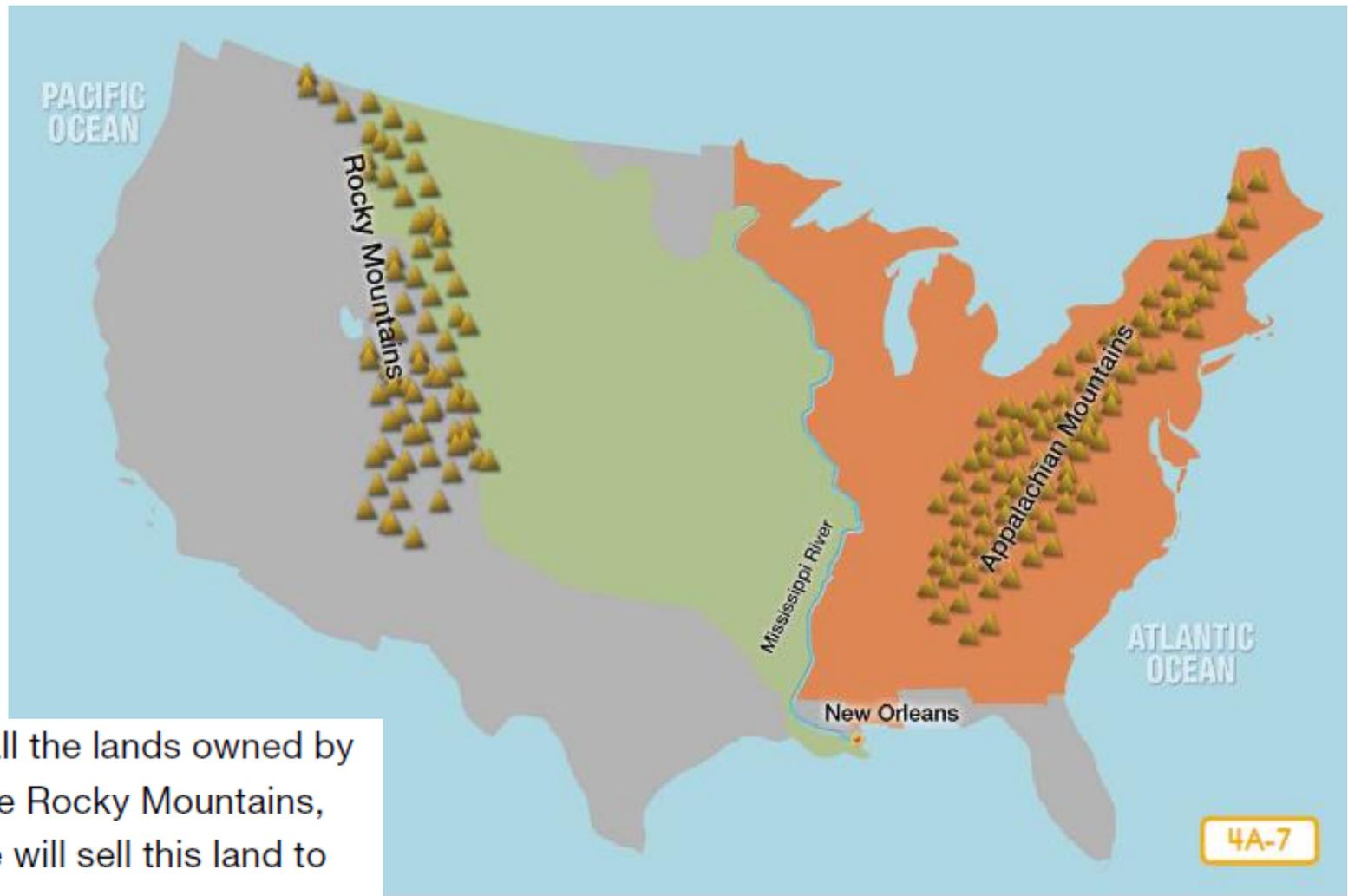
“But there are no thrones for Thomas Jefferson and no royal uniforms to make him look special. Sometimes visitors to the presidential **mansion**⁵ don’t even recognize President Jefferson. They think he is one of the servants until they are introduced to him. When he starts to speak, however, everyone listens, but not because they are afraid of him. They listen because he is a **brilliant** man with wonderful ideas.⁶ He doesn’t need thrones or royal robes in order for people to realize that he is a great man.”⁷



“Well,” James Monroe thought, “I suppose I should be fair. Napoleon may not be my sort of person, but he is very **clever** once you are talking seriously with him; and he is about to do a great favor for the United States.”⁹

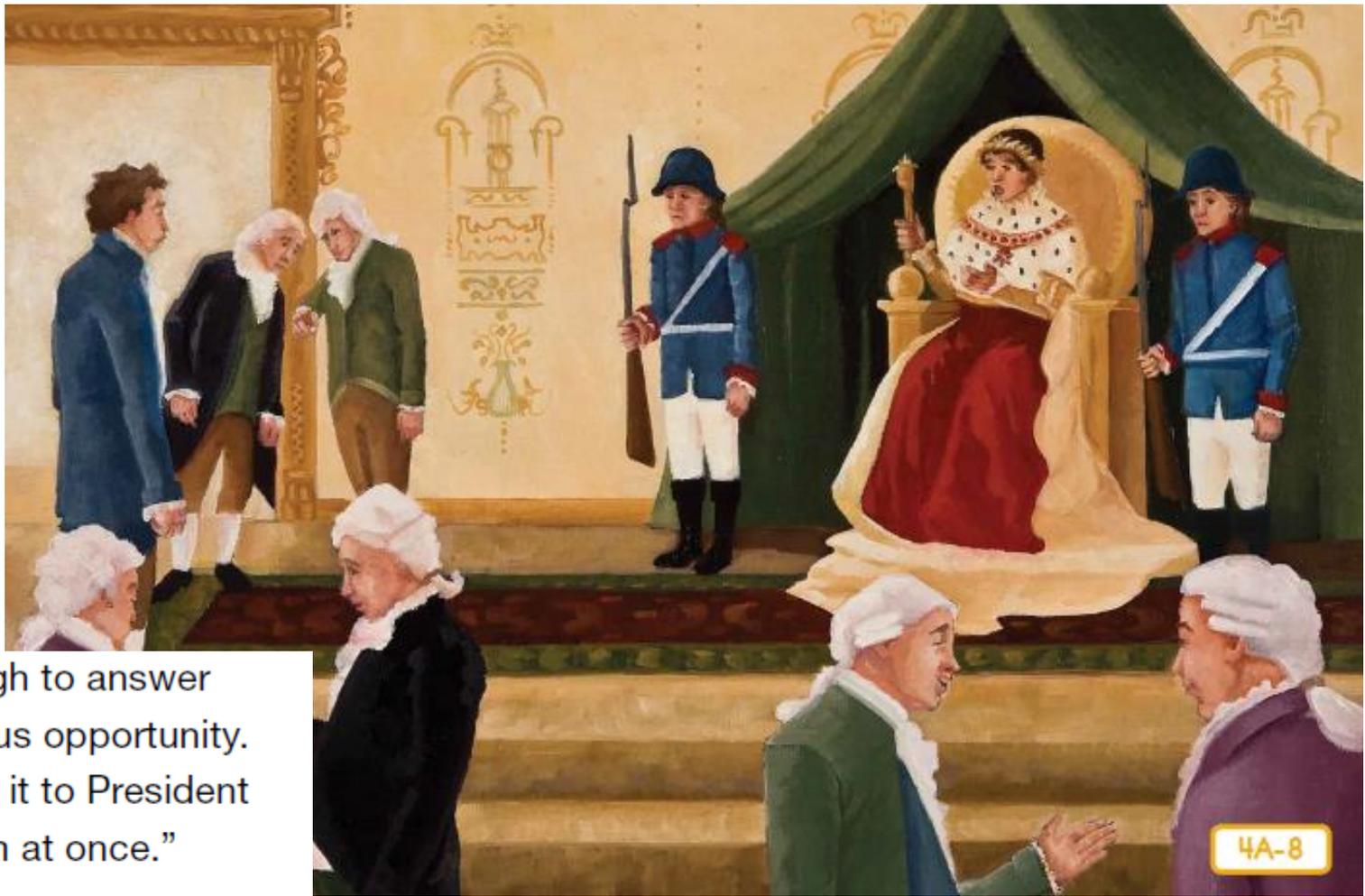


Monroe remembered his last meeting with Napoleon, during which Napoleon had told Monroe, “I have thought over your president’s offer to buy the city of New Orleans. I have decided that selling New Orleans to the United States of America will not bring me as much money as I need.



“Instead, I will sell you New Orleans *and* all the lands owned by France between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, which is called the Louisiana **Territory**.¹¹ We will sell this land to you at a fair price.”¹²

Hearing this, Monroe realized with a shock, “That is as much land as there is already in the *entire* United States of America! Overnight, we could have a nation twice as big as it is right now!”¹³



Somehow Monroe had kept himself calm enough to answer Napoleon. “Your Majesty, this is indeed a marvelous opportunity. I cannot accept your offer, however, until I present it to President Jefferson and receive his answer. I will write to him at once.”

In Monroe’s time, there was no phone or email, so Monroe had to write a letter to Jefferson.¹⁴ The letter would have to travel over the ocean in the same kind of ship that Monroe had traveled on when he first came to France. It would take a few weeks for Jefferson to get Monroe’s letter and even longer for Monroe to get Jefferson’s answer.



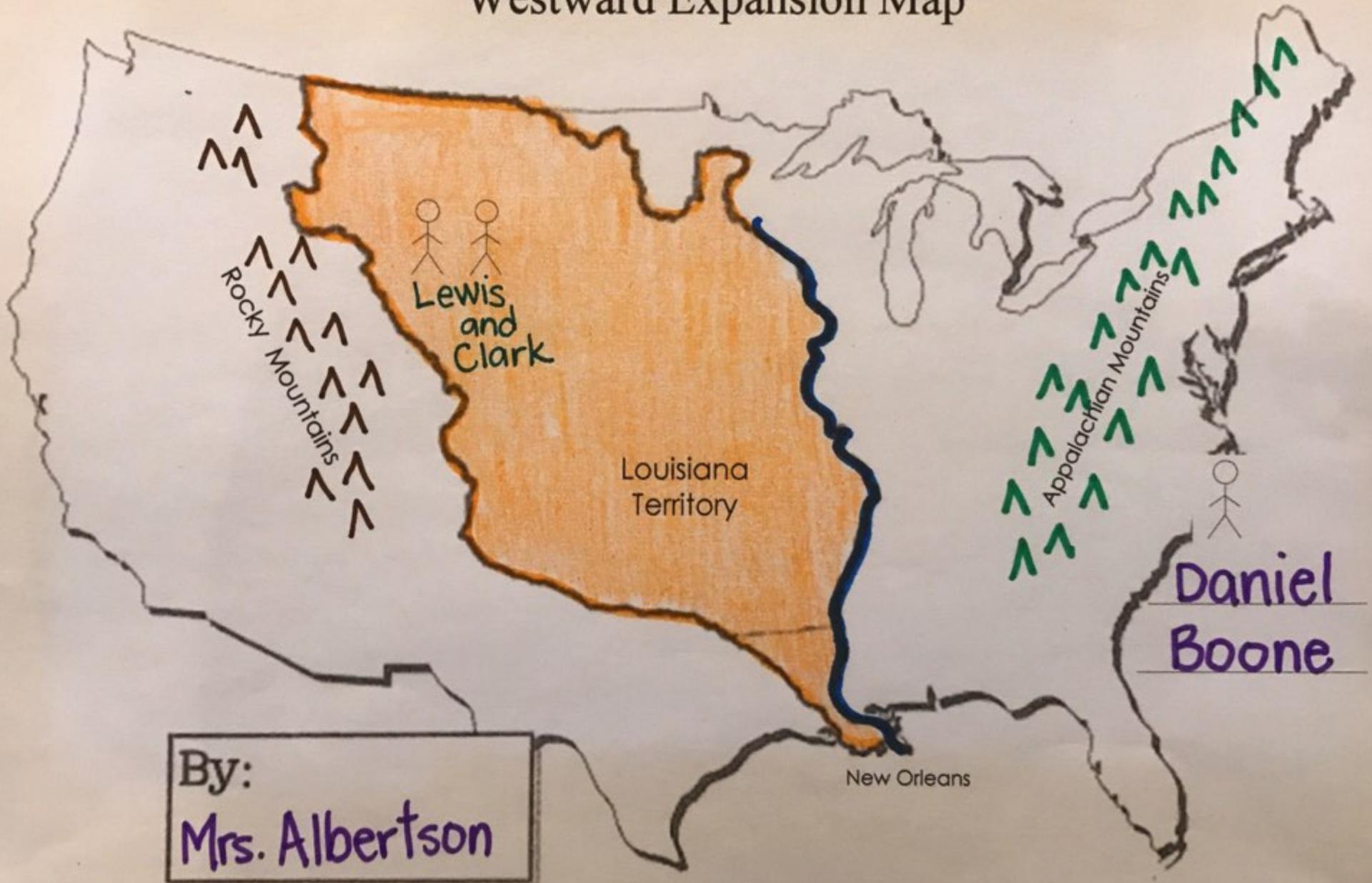
Now, sitting in his hotel room and remembering all this, James Monroe picked up his pen. “I need to finish my letter to President Jefferson,” he thought, “and then I can send it to him by the first ship sailing across the ocean to the United States. When he reads it, the president is going to be very surprised.”¹⁵



Just as Monroe had expected, Thomas Jefferson was amazed when he read that letter. Jefferson thought, “This is even better than I could have imagined! Not only will we be buying the city of New Orleans, but also the entire Louisiana Territory. The United States will double in size! I will write back to James Monroe at once, telling him to purchase the Louisiana Territory for the United States.” He smiled. “The timing could not be better.” Then President Jefferson picked up his pen and began the letter instructing Monroe to seal the bargain with France, a bargain that would double the size of the United States of America.¹⁶

Teacher Example

Westward Expansion Map



By:

Mrs. Albertson

100

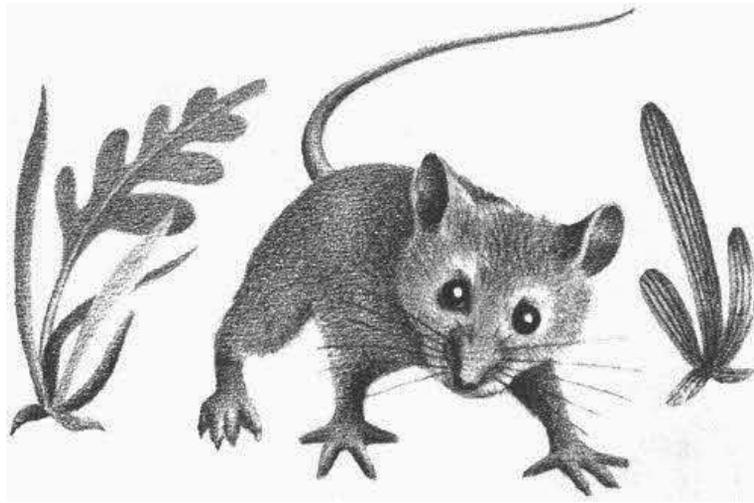
Chapter Four

MY FATHER FINDS THE RIVER

The jungle began just beyond a narrow strip of beach; thick, dark, damp, scary jungle. My father hardly knew where to go, so he crawled under a wahoo bush to think, and ate eight tangerines. The first thing to do, he decided, was to find the river, because the dragon was tied somewhere along its bank. Then he thought, "If the river flows into the ocean, I ought to be able to find it quite easily if I just walk along the beach far enough." So my father walked until the sun rose and he was quite far from the Ocean Rocks. It was dangerous to stay near them because they might be guarded in the daytime. He found a clump of tall grass and sat down. Then he took off his rubber boots and ate three more tangerines. He could have eaten twelve but he hadn't seen any tangerines on this island and he could not risk running out of something to eat.

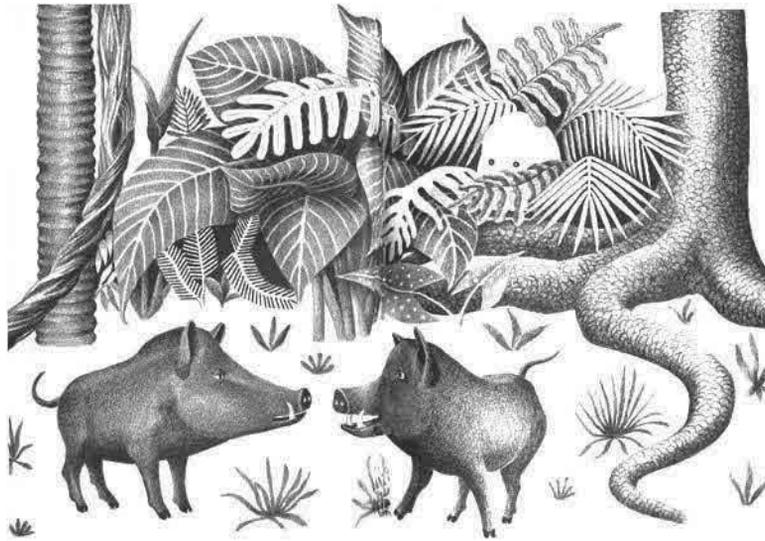
My father slept all that day and only woke up late in the afternoon when he heard a funny little voice saying, "Queer, queer, what a dear little dock! I mean, dear, dear, what a queer little rock!" My father saw a tiny paw rubbing itself on his knapsack. He lay very still and the mouse, for it was a mouse, hurried away muttering to itself, "I must smell tumduddy. I mean, I must tell somebody."





My father waited a few minutes and then started down the beach because it was almost dark now, and he was afraid the mouse really would tell somebody. He walked all night and two scary things happened. First, he just had to sneeze, so he did, and somebody close by said, "Is that you, Monkey?" My father said, "Yes." Then the voice said, "You must have something on your back, Monkey," and my father said "Yes," because he did. He had his knapsack on his back. "What do you have on your back, Monkey?" asked the voice.

My father didn't know what to say because what would a monkey have on its back, and how would it sound telling someone about it if it did have something? Just then another voice said, "I bet you're taking your sick grandmother to the doctor's." My father said "Yes" and hurried on. Quite by accident he found out later that he had been talking to a pair of tortoises.

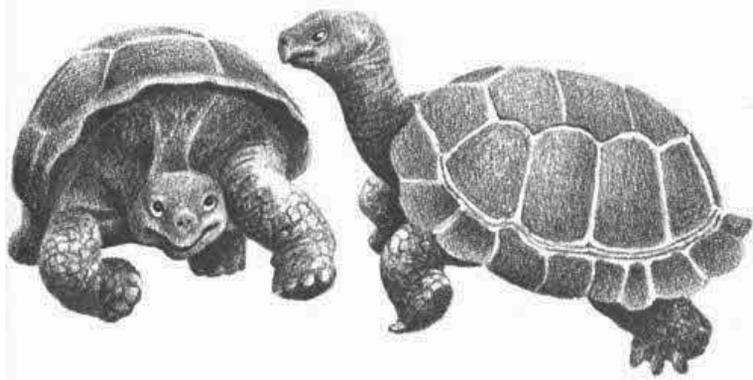


The second thing that happened was that he nearly walked right between two wild boars who were talking in low solemn whispers. When he first saw the dark shapes he thought they were boulders. Just in time he heard one of them say, "There are three signs of a recent invasion. First, fresh tangerine peels were found under the wahoo bush near the Ocean Rocks. Second, a mouse reported an extraordinary rock some distance from the Ocean Rocks which upon further investigation simply wasn't there. However, more fresh tangerine peels were found in the same spot, which is the third sign of invasion. Since tangerines do not grow on our island, somebody must have brought them across the Ocean Rocks from the other island, which may, or may not, have something to do with the appearance and/or disappearance of the extraordinary rock reported by the mouse."

After a long silence the other boar said, "You know, I think we're taking all this too seriously. Those peels probably floated over here all by themselves, and you know how unreliable mice are. Besides, if there had been an invasion, I would have seen it!"

"Perhaps you're right," said the first boar. "Shall we retire?" Whereupon they both trundled back into the jungle.

Well, that taught my father a lesson, and after that he saved all his tangerine peels. He walked all night and toward morning came to the river. Then his troubles really began.



Amazingly Awesome Adverbs

Directions: Circle the noun(s) with a RED crayon and BOX the adverb with a blue crayon.

Example: The tree is growing slowly.

1. She always sleeps in.

2. He asked for the cookie nicely.

3. I pet the dog gently.

Optional Additional Practice

4. You laugh often.

5. The boys ran wildly.

Week 7 History – Thursday

Lewis and Clark



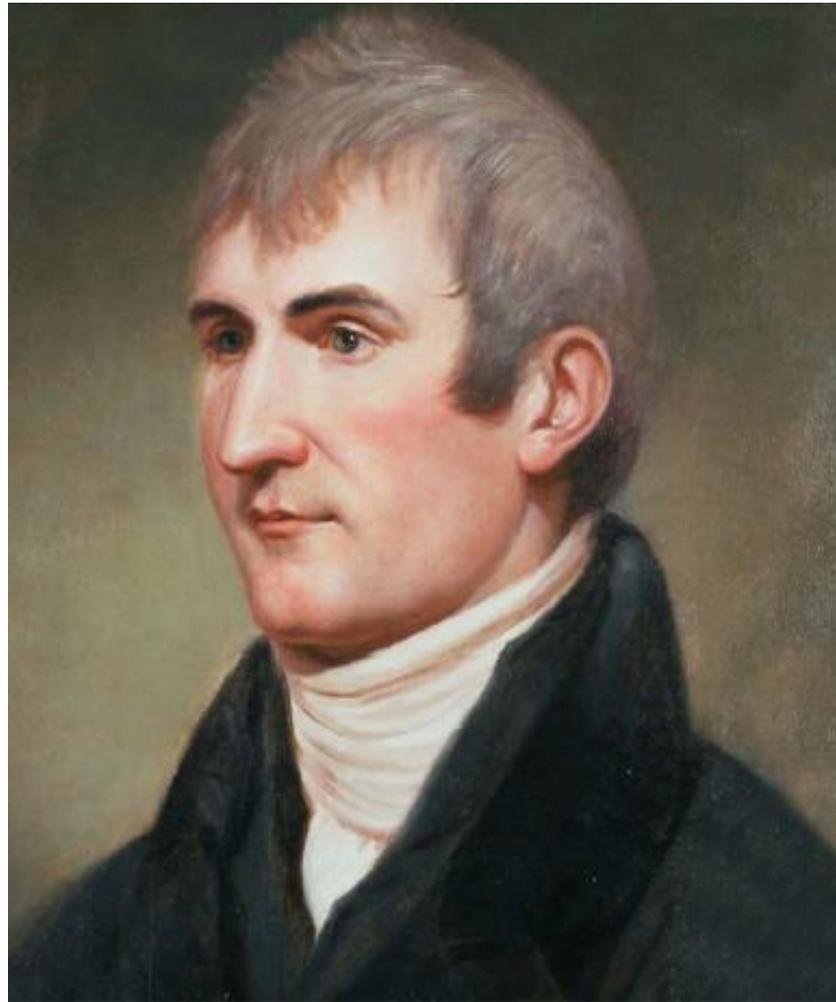
We learned last time about the Louisiana Purchase, when the United States government purchased the Louisiana Territory from France. Once the purchase of the Louisiana Territory was complete, President Thomas Jefferson wanted to send explorers to make maps of this new land and learn more about it.



Thinking about the Louisiana Territory, Jefferson wondered, “Is it possible that there are tigers or elephants living out there in those unexplored western lands? No one has explored enough to really know. Perhaps there are plants whose leaves could be used as medicines to help sick people, or which would be delicious to eat. My Native American friends who live there have brought me a few plants to study, but I am sure there must be more plants and animals which even they have not seen.”

Jefferson prepared to send explorers into the Louisiana Territory.

“I need the leader of these explorers to be someone I can trust, someone very **brave** and very smart.”¹



President Jefferson suddenly smiled. “Why, I know just the person for the job.”

He sat down and wrote a letter to his former **assistant**,² a man named Meriwether Lewis. Jefferson asked Meriwether Lewis if he would lead the team of explorers.

Jefferson had three reasons for wanting Lewis to explore the Louisiana Territory.⁴

Jefferson wrote to Lewis, “First, I want you to find out if there is an all-water route to the Pacific Ocean. Travel the Missouri River, which branches out to the west from the Mississippi River. The two big rivers meet at St. Louis, so you could start the trip along the Missouri from there. Perhaps the Missouri River flows all the way to the Pacific Ocean, or if it does not, maybe it connects to other rivers that do reach the Pacific Ocean. You can find out for us. Second, you can collect samples of plants and animals so that we will know what grows well in the lands we have just added to our nation. Third, you must also become friends with the Native Americans you meet. You will want to bring along presents for them so they will know you come to offer peace.”⁵





When Meriwether Lewis received the president's letter, he was very excited. However, he was a thoughtful man. He wrote back, "I am very honored that you have asked me to do this, Mr. President, and I will do my very best for you and for our nation. With your permission, however, I will ask a friend of mine, William Clark, to help me with these tasks."



“William Clark and I became great friends when we served together in the army. He and I work well together. Clark is very good at drawing maps, identifying plants and animals, and he has a lot of experience with Native Americans. I would feel much more certain that we could do the things you ask if William Clark could accompany me as **co-captain.**”⁷ President Jefferson agreed.



As Lewis and Clark prepared to start on their journey, they did not know that the dangers and wonders they were about to face together would make their friendship even stronger.⁸

Teacher Example

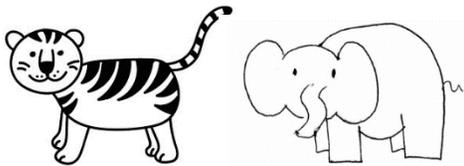
Name _____ # _____

History – Thursday, May 7, 2020

President Thomas Jefferson
bought Louisiana Purchase

Meriwether Lewis
-brave
-had worked for President Jefferson

???



Lewis and Clark

3 tasks to do:

Lewis wanted his friend William
Clark to help.

1. Find an all-water route (way) to the Pacific Ocean
2. Collect samples of plants and animals
3. Befriend the Native Americans

Clark – good at drawing maps